

Dangerous Outsiders And Rebellious Kidz



When Detention Rises, Call In Your Inner D.O.R.K.

PROLOGUE

D.O.R.K. (Dangerous Outsiders And Rebellious Kidz)

Dear Ms. Starx,

You wanted us to create a project to describe the group. What is there to describe? We let you figure and comprehend us any way you want. We don't care what you think, honestly, and we are ourselves. No need to make a full explanatory project to explain our actions through a color-written and childish experiment on some poster board. We came up with a direct approach through this letter to let you infer how ever you would want to infer of us five. Whether or not you think of us as rotten poorly-mannered teens of the seventh grade or just rotten and poorly-mannered individuals, we let you decide. However, we do want you to consider us a one entire general team of Sacramento: D.O.R.K....

Chapter 1: Julio Crimzon

"What is this, Julio!? You cannot just wander around like its nobodies business spitting spritz spitballs and pecking and piercing others with your stupid standing-out straws!" Ms. Starx hollered as she made a path through Julio's peanut-sized and demented mind. Julio was the rebel in this madness. He WOULD hurt a fly. In fact, he did a couple days ago squishing and spewing its guts and splattering the wings all over his cheesy binder he got in the 5th grade. The eye-rolling stench of that horrid day of fly-spilling hovered and attracted to his binder as did the demolished and maimed clobbered organs. Maybe that was the reason why Billy Jackson smelled like something died all day (after Julio cracked him with his menace-like binder that same morning.) Either way, Crimzon would still be in the same position he is right now none-the-less; I mean he did cause a major indent in Tyler Robinson's bruised forehead with his diabolical straw of potential death and launched a spitball parallel to Tyler's blinded and dazed eye. However, this was the first time he was caught which came as an utter-disbelief to Julio.

"What did I do?"

"Well lets examine what you did over the week shall we or day in that matter. Lets see here.... Oh yeah; YOU WISH-WASHED (wet-willied) AND DECKED POOR LITTLE TYLER HERE WITH YOUR 'TRUSTED' SIDEKICKS, A STRAW AND A SOAKED PAPER BALL!"

"Would you please calm down Ms. Starx. You of all people should know children are trying to learn in this establishment. Don't you think it would be a good-showing of courtesy if you lower your voice? It would let them think properly and well. You know, the superintendent would like you to lower your tone too, right?" Julio answered back in a back-sassing attitude that made Ms. Starx flame out with smoke departing from her ears. Julio smirked from ear to ear knowing his plot of angering Ms. Starx was a complete success.

"Another crack like that and we'll make it 2 detentions! You done yet you little scumbag?"

"Nope."

"Well lets make it 3 detentions with me personally in this same office!"

"Why that's all I ever wanted from you...." Julio grinned eagerly testing Ms. Starx' patience and wasting her time.

"Leave my office!"

"Yes sir." Julio was definitely satisfied with how Ms. Starx enraged in her own office. Julio wasn't afraid of anything and had all the time in the World to go and share it with Ms. Starx.

JULIO CRIMZON: REBEL

Chapter 2: Johnny Zaz

"Well why are we here today, Mr. Zaz? Was it because you completely ignored Mr. Rax or was it because you zoned out and didn't pay attention to anything your teachers say!? Or maybe it was both...." Ms. Starx questioned as she desired an immediate answer from Johnathan Zaz (nicknamed by peers as Johnny but referred to as Silence by teachers.) I bet your wondering why Zaz is here in the office, huh? Well Johnny was noticed sleeping on his drooled and saliva-soaked brownish desk. Papers were covered entirely with slimy and silky clear 'liquid.' But what really disappointed teachers was his inability to learn. He just refused to scan and steamroll his eyes through the pages of letters congesting a 'book.' For example, when he is told to sit up in class, he slouched over in despair groaning in ultimate-disgust. Johnny oversleeps everyday and always experiences mood swings; He is very volatile if you did not figure already. Zaz could never focus either; His rolling and closed-shut eyes effect his activity by precluding his learning ability. Johnny never was the brightest among his colleagues in his classes. Zaz never wrote or read so no surprise when he won least active in the 5th grade. Non-the-less, Johnny Zaz didn't want to fit in nor did he care about academics regarding all subjects.

"Well do you know why you're here!?"

"Ummm.... no?"

"You know that your participation grade in class are dropping like when Julio Crimson swat down flies, right?"

"Who is Julio Crimson?"

"Don't worry about it. You should be worried about how you will push forward your grade and pass the 7th grade! Do you understand?" Ms. Starx asked as she knew Johnny didn't listen to a single word she pronounced. Ms. Starx was increasingly getting annoyed. In order to unleash her rage, she yanked and tore Zaz' earphones directly out of his ear.

"Owww! You dirty little hag. Get off me and don't touch my stuff!" He exclaimed in response as he just realized he said his first real sentence his whole life.

"What did you just call me, Johnathan?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, huh? Well you could remember what you said as you sit silently in detention, SILENCE!"

"What did you call me!? Ain't no one calls me silence. Especially some fat lard that thinks she could grind out someone by yelling and demanding. Ms. Starx, you're probably never happy with your life since its full of hatred and defeat. Yes defeat. You know that us kids defeated you and got to you. We glued our images to your mind so now you flame and shout. Well I could flame and shout too!"

"Detention. Leave my office now." Ms. Starx replied in a softer 'intimidating' voice.

"That's probably your only way of coming back with a comment isn't it!?" Johnny stated exiting the area. No one ever heard John express and just let his thoughts out in the open. However, he started acting like himself ever since: Dead and silent.

JOHNNY ZAZ: OUTSIDER

Chapter 3: Bridgette Zortellie

"Ms. Zortellie, you are thee most violent and non-female like woman I have ever met. You constantly and non-stop get in fights with others, especially Cathryn, your own sister!"

"What could I say; its done already and you can't travel to the past and just stop me. I'm not your puppet or anything."

"Shut up. You follow my rules and attacking is considered bullying which is banned in this society of school." Ms. Starx proclaimed confidently with an awkward grin controlling her face. Bridgette was included in this meeting because she was found brutally pounding the life out of Kylie, a girl that was causing problems for Bridgette. Bridgette is the most feared girl in the entire school. Even her frightening outfit attire sticks out like a sore thumb bruising to a purple shade: Her excessive jewelry consisting of her chains and studded belts that wrapped around her boring hips (boring as in non-shaking hips,) her deep black hair that feathers down her bold and tough skull, her black rock shirt that she wore every other day which didn't consist of the latest fashion trends (not a single cardigan in sight, like she cares.) She just didn't care what the prissy and popular girls thought. Maybe that's the reason why the pretty girls are covered in singed and bruised skin. However, that is not the case right now; The case is that Bridgette is on trial for punishment in Ms. Starx's office. Bridgette recently tussled and whipped around Rebbecca White. You should have seen Rebbecca after that fight: Lip was bleeding an everlasting waterfall that trickled down the high-top mountains of her plastic mouth, her nose was shattered broken down to a crisp and prodigal amount of slimy snot that covered the dirt-filled floor, and her double earring sliced and diced her ear as if it was being served in a Hibachi Place with a rookie chef. Bridgette was not the type of girl you would see watching an elegant 'girly' movie with her friends or shopping at Justice for a training bra; She preferred sleep-in Saturdays with Blink 182 blasting and breaching her door to the neighbors house making an obnoxious ruckus. Cortellie was one-of-a-kind.

"You telling me to shaddup?"

"Did I stutter, Ms. Zortellie?"

"No, but I know what you are about to do next...." Bridgette asserted forcefully with a rising tone and standing up from her flying seat.

"I wouldn't do anything hostile if I were you, Bridgette." Ms. Starx responded with her voice in a moderate tone.

"Don't tell me what to do!" Bridgette then lunged her blood-covered fist hoping to knock out some teeth and have her choke on her own decimated chin. Luckily (for Ms. Starx,) Bridgette just stopped halfway only to see Ms. Starx cower in fear tearing up with her eyeliner smearing down her cheek embarrassing the name 'Ms. Starx.' "You're such a noob Ms. Starx. Haha."

"SHADDUP! Detention for a week!"

"I'll take that. That way you flinched was priceless." Bridgette laughed as she smiled with her face cracking up.

BRIDGETTE ZORTELLIE: REBEL

Chapter 4: Victor Vazter

"What happened to you, Victor? You were the most intelligent kid in the school and now you're grades just decreased from an A to a terrible F. What is the meaning of this?"

"I don't know." Victor replied in a silent tone much like Johnathan Zaz. Victor was the smartest kid in the district without a doubt. He doubled the percentage of correct answers of the post-test exams compared to the second smartest kid in the district, Rodney Rozcoe who is in the 10th grade while Victor is only in the 7th grade. Vazter was not really known by the popular and 'cool' kids but he also wasn't in the posse of the nerds either; He was a neutral party among the two. A regional and state spelling bee champion, Victor was sky-high in grades hosting a 4.0 GPA on his early SATs that he was offered in the 6th grade. Victor would always get bullied and picked on from being stuffed and congested in lockers that smelled like a week old apple has been

rotting in there to being book-checked from the local tough guy, Ricky Riz. Victor, however, never talked at all to anybody and never made allies or alliances with others in the local district dodge ball community fair game. He was completely isolated with his thoughts and school work. He was on task and ready to learn but one thing troubled and obsessed his gigantic brain:

When will he get a refill on number two pencils?

"I don't know" is not the answer I expected, Victor. Either you pick up your grades and get your act back in check, or I will have to have you attend summer school. One or the other."

Victor stopped and cleared his mind of everything besides what Ms. Starx just announced to his ear drums; *Get your act back in check or I will have to have you attend summer school.*

That phrase repeated over and over again in Victor's mind. The summer is when he focuses on reading novels and doing word problems. No one can mess up that routine Victor held every summer. He was starting to light up. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"What do you think I'm going to do?" Vazter replied in a whispered and suppressed tone.

"What did you say, Mr. Vazter. Are you talking back to me?"

"Of course I am. You could take everything away from me besides my summer reading days."

"Well, that just might happen if you don't increase your grades."

"You want me to 'increase my grade,' huh? Well how about this for lifting up my grades. You're a ferocious fiery fiend that failed to follow-up on her fake forever goal of becoming a frightening friend to this facetious school. Remember in 6th grade when I made the gray jacket gadget that gingerly jumped gasping in greatness as you and the group joined together grading my graceful project I generously made and gave to you? Then you gave me a A. Isn't that good enough.

You've gave me great grades throughout my life and now you betray me? You are so fake, you know that?"

"Detention, NOW. Leave me!" Ms. Starx sniffled.

VICTOR VAZTER: REBEL/OUTSIDER

Chapter 5: Alexi Cruzz

"Really, Alexi? You're unsanitary and dirt-ridden hands have no meaning to be shoved in your nose shoveling gooey and snot-blanketed boogers; And even worse, you flicked them with your poop-palmed fingers straight ahead to whammy Ms. Zapper in the his now-creased eye! I thought ladies your age should be more into chasing and hunting down boys, not those sticky and men-repellent boogers!" Ms. Starx vociferated in her lousy and suppose-to-be-scary voice. However, Cruzz had a teeming amount of those boogs' living and swarming around that sharpened and multitudinous spread of nose-hair that surrounded and chilled in and around her nose. Not only does Alexi 'forget' to shave, but she also has a gross and unbearable innumerable expansion and wide out of armpit hair that horrified and traumatized the young-lings of her malodorous stench in her neighborhood. Alexis' high-ocular and copious glasses (that all looked the same) were analogous with her flowing braces and mouth piece that sheathe her tired and annoyed mouth that suffered through all this silver-streaking metal. Alexis' appearance really described and showed-off her fierce dork-like mind and her dork-like clothing; Her plain old brunette hair streamed around her head, her attire of a happy beaver clothed her body, her Sketcher High-Tops' planted her fungus-congested pair of feet as her brown grandma glasses shifted up and down as she adjusted them nearly every 2 shortened minutes. Cruzz was just another one of those weirdos everyone avoided to either not hurt their feelings or just

to keep a positive distance.

"But I thought Ms. Zapper enjoyed my snot-launched rockets. She never reported me here before." After a long pause of silence, Cruzz remembered why Ms. Zapper never noticed the literal 'flea-flickers.'

Meanwhile

"After you, Ms. Zapper." A very eager and smile-giver man divulged to the elated and make-up grinning teacher of the 7th grade.

"Why, thank you, Daniel. You turned out to be a wonderful and ginger man, just how I expected you to be." Zapper said as she blushed having her cheeks develop to a pleasing sighting of red.

"As wonderful as your curly brunette hair that obviously attracted me. Just how I like it." Daniel examined the attracting hair making positive that he witnessed every single strand. But- shockingly to Daniel and Ms. Zapper- there were flaming little rubble that are considered as boogers! "Um, I have to go."

"Why!?" Ms. Zapper cried in depression.

"I have to clean and rinse out my eyes...." Daniel was barely able to escape with Ms. Zapper flying and grappling his legs in some sort of tactic. Daniel never called ever since.

Back To Alexi

"What are we going to do with you, Alexi?" Ms. Starx asked not wishing for an answer.

"How should I know? Picking my nose if my life style."

"You could pick your nose in detention. Now leave my office."

"Whatever." Alexi replied sneaking in a booger under Ms. Starx desk.

ALEXI CRUZZ: OUTSIDER

Chapter 6: Detention's A' Coming

Julio Crimzon showed up to Ms. Starx surprise jamming and shuffling to LMFAO as he did the 2- step shuffle that everyone in school followed. Of course, Julio did this action not for his own personal interest but to annoy and disturb Ms. Starx who preferred that 'Country girl' T- Swizzle (Taylor Swift who Julio hated.) Those love songs just trembled and crumpled when the Party Rockers came blowing up the speakers embedded in Julio's pierced ears. His purple snap-back crazed Ms. Starx even more (Ms. Starx preferred those big country rodeo hats of course.) Crimzon was that perfect Sacramento bad boy that started and ended problems. He amused others and could later crush them later if he wanted. Upon entering this sanctuary, Julio stuffed his non-read textbooks in his spray-painted, cluttered, revolting, and disgusting office known as an actual school 'locker.' Julio was just another rebel disrupting class and controlling the teacher with his mind games and his crazed attitude.

Johnny arrived to detention silent as always and came with his striped and patterned hooded-sweatshirt which he always wears as he usually does. Nothing much happening with Johnny just like before and in regular school. His silence made everyone stare at him waiting for words to pop out of his mouth like bubble wrap being snapped and tugged by a 5-year-old. All Johnny did was pull out his old-fashioned chair and drove his butt directly and straight to the cushioned chair.

Bridgette came ditching her entourage that was full of frightened little girls that thought pretending to be Bridgette's friend was save and revive them a lifetime of misery and serious pain. The silence Bridgette received mimicked Johnny. Knowing this, Julio laughed hysterically.

These terrible two would get along just fine.

Victor came in with his face planted into his textbooks as if he was a plant in a heavily-vegetated area. Vazter never experience detention before so he was surprised with the awkward talking policy of this library. The reading and books amazed Victor but never before has he ever seen a 'quiet library.'

Alexi entered with his wheezing and sniffing nose. Her fingers plucked every booger out of her nose and wiped the unsanitary objects on to the canvas of library books. The odor of unattractive snot bounced off of her messy and dry-blooded carry-down. She was the biggest weirdo there out of that group of dorks. Julio, Johnny, Bridgette, Victor, and Alexi had a lot to learn about each other's personality.

Chapter 7: End Of The Beginning- Beginning Of The End

"Why are we all here today you ask? We are all here because I'm trying to convert 5 brats that prove a detriment to my time. You all lacked manners today so you have to suffer 1 hour of me and each other as you do so in complete silence."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I heard this speech a thousand times already. Get on with it."

"Haha, I know right. She benefits us and works towards our advantage though because she wasting time lecturing us and having our stay here be shorter and shorter." Bridgette responded after Julio's comment. Julio then smiled at Bridgette as she smiled back.

"You two done now? As I was saying, you're here until 4 and now you all need to create a project describing this group. Don't do anything you would regret later on." Ms. Starx ordered as she directed colored pencils, markers, and a gigantic poster board to the 5.

"Gotcha' captain can't-get-a-real-job." Julio was stunned to find out him and Bridgette said the same comeback at the same time. There definitely was a connection between those two. "Hi, I'm Julio Crimzon. And you are?"

"Bridgette. Bridgette Zortellie." Bridgette said blushing.

"Bridgette. That's a real sweet name."

"Are you being sarcastic?"

"Not at all." This conversation was special for both of the bullies. The other 3 knew that Bridgette and Julio never felt like this way before. They just talked very compatible and like it was meant to be.

"Well, we're not gonna actually stay here, right guys? I mean like she is right around the corner in another room." Victor asked. "I'm gonna miss my favorite television show if we stay here until 4!"

"Don't get your training bra in a bunch. You gotta make a plan first so it isn't a complete bust. Would you like to help make a blueprint, Bridgette?"

"Yeah, sure. Sounds cool." Zortellie replied in a happy mood. Of course, the duo didn't leave without giving out a few punches and shoves on the way to the another area.

"How are we going to last with these attackers?" Alexi asked groggy as she barely had those words escape out of her mouth.

"I don't know. We just have to find a way."

"Hey! I said no talking or monkeying around in there! Shaddup!" Ms. Starx hollered from across the room. His extremely loud voice had papers fly straight from the halls. Ms. Starx made sure she was heard.

Meanwhile

Once Bridgette and Julio reached their far destination, they started to begin a plot to leave. Julio did this everyday (he had detention everyday for his attitude) and always failed. But with another criminal mind within his radius, they were able to spark up an idea.

"I got it!" Bridgette exclaimed. "We could get out of this dump if we climb through the vent!"

"Oh yeah! The air duct is perfect for an escape route. But how will we get here without someone looking out for Ms. Starx; If she catches us, then everyone would get detention...."

"Trust me. All we need is a dork to help."

"Yo Victor! Get over here and help us!" Julio screamed with his hands laying sideways on his cheeks." Victor hustled over to the scene directing his attention to the 2.

"Watcha' need?"

"Just help us make this scheme on escaping here through the air vent." Bridgette went on to ask.

"Alright so. Just gimme some time to think and I'll run it over to you."

"Blah, blah, blah. Just do it so we could get out of here. No speeches."

"Oh. Okay...." Vazter answered back with his head down staring at a paper. As for Bridgette and Julio, they just stuck together like glue jostling through books and messing up book cards by putting the wrong cards in the wrong book. Victor developed the plan. Johnny and Alexi did nothing while Alexi would drop her leaving on the desk or on her clothes or even on her paper.

"Um guys? Remember we need to create a project explaining ourselves?" Victor asked as he put down his work and asked.

"Oh yeah. The poster board." Julio replied. "Hey nerds over there." Johnny and Alexi pointed their finger to themselves asking if Julio was talking to them. "Yes you. Grab some markers and write down whatever. You hear me!?"

"Sure." Alexi answered while adjusting her optics. 10 long minutes finally passed. No one obviously wanted to stay here for much longer, especially Victor.

Chapter 8: Victor's Plot

Victor's plot carried through to the stream of students taking nearly 10 minutes of scheming his little mind. The team knew that everyone needed to escape so Vazter made everyone involved. Although the others worked hard as well, Victor stood out like a pancake at a waffle festival. Was it Victor's enthusiasm? Or his magical hands swiftly gliding as the pencil point made shapes, images, words, and captions. This plot was better than Julio and Bridgette expected obviously. When Victor finished, Julio's jaw dropped down low to the floor as his eyes widened as if he decided to see wide screen.

"Finished." Victor stated proudly.

"Impressed, Vic. I actually can't beat you up for this because its actually really kinda interesting and worth my attention."

"I think that's a good thing?" Victor responded dazed and dumbfounded because Julio never would be interested in Vazter's work or projects. "As I was saying, I create this plan on escaping having everyone meet at 2 doors of the school. Door #1 is code-named as Mississippi and Door #2 is nick-named Ducks referring to the Oregon Ducks who are honestly my favorite college team." Victor said smiling as he showed off LaMichael James jersey he kept in his gym locker (it was time to bring home and wash gym clothes.)

“Get on with it. I wanna leave now!” Bridgette and Julio exclaimed alarming others and Ms. Starx.

“Hey! Shaddup and work on your project. You have 40 more minutes concealed with each other.” Ms. Starx yelled over with her old-grandma voice. She was only 43 but she sounded really old. One instance during a conference with Julio’s mom, she was confused by Julio’s mom as a Betty White. “Next time I need to yell, I’m signing everyone up for another detention.” Ms. Starx said as Julio mocked her motioning and lip-syncing what she just said.

“Victor?”

“Ah yes. So those 2 corridors will act as our way out. Julio and Bridgette will escape together through the air duct while Alexi directs them to door #1 so Julio and Bridgette know where they are going. As for Johnny and me, I will unlock the locks on door #2 which is on the western perimeter of the library. Johnny will act as a distraction getting caught as I follow Ms. Starx’s tracks and get her keys that unlock all doors. Therefore, after being caught Johnny will only get a warning and bring the key for door #1 which is left in the library next to the front exit to Alexi as she directs Julio and Bridgette to the proximity of door #1. And I, of course, would leave by door #2. And, we have reached safety. I am aware of the consequences of these actions but I can’t miss my programs. Good luck team and I projected that this mission would take a close 7 minutes at maximum considering the fact that both doors are within a 45 feet of the library. We start.... NOW!” Johnny just remembered about the project so he wrote what he think Ms. Starx should now and hustled out before departing and distracting. As Victor shouted the final words rolling off his tongue, Julio and Bridgette loosened the vent’s bolts as they climbed in the spacious duct with Alexi exactly under their location. Johnny went out the front door of the library casually being seen by Ms. Starx. She then ran after Johnny being unaware that Johnny was a professional runner. He sprinted away from Ms. Starx but later stopped and waited for her to catch up. Victor followed Ms. Starx (which wasn’t hard) snatching the keys straight from Ms. Starx’s pockets being undetected and in a sneaky manner as Johnny was being yelled at outside the library. Alexi was successfully and responsibly able to lead her team to safety as she took the keys for Mississippi. The plan was a success! But the team faced a new problem: The night janitor.

Chapter 9: Operation Success

The night janitor usually guarded and swiped away the dirty floors around the Ducks exit which was the escape door for Johnny and Victor. As the other 3 were flowing greatly, they couldn’t leave behind teammates. Julio and Bridgette reached their destination and unlocked Mississippi but didn’t leave just yet. They walked carefully towards Ducks and hid behind a couple of lockers. In a flurry, Julio did the first thing that came to his mind: Tackle down the little weakling and dispose his body in a locker. Julio actually jostled his way in stuffing the employee in the locker that he was scanning and searching. This act surprised everyone mostly because it worked and it had the team in their safe place. Ms. Starx was in her office not knowing this was taking place. The team met up outside the school discussing highlights of the escape. They became closer than expected and now Julio and Bridgette are dating. Everything turned out great for the most part as the team didn’t think about the next day or what will happen next.

“Wait! Johnny!? Did you make the project!?” Victor shouted weary and worried.

“Of course not. I wrote a single letter. Don’t worry about it. I got it handled and under my control,

Victor. Just go home and watch your show.” Johnny replied with a smirk on his face knowing making the letter was a better thing than creating a project.

“So, will I call you?” Julio asked with his grin shaping from cheek to cheek.

“I don’t know. Are you?” Bridgette answered back smiling and blushing as she did before when Julio talked to her. Bridgettes’ brunette hair fell an everlasting fall covering her eyes as she tried to push it away. However, she was stopped by another hand. This hand was later revealed as Julios’ hand! He brushed her hair that blocked and shielded her eyes and locked lips with her sustaining her lipstick all over his lip. Not really expected don’t you think? Back at the library, Ms. Starx saw the enclosed letter. She nearly exploded when she saw the chairs pushed out with the books all ripped and cluttered. She couldn’t believe they slipped past her and fooled her like that. In extreme disbelief and intensive anger, she studied the stupid letter with her eyes that were just rolling. The letter stated:

“Dear Ms. Starx,

You wanted us to create a project to describe the group. What is there to describe? We let you figure and comprehend us any way you want. We don’t care what you think, honestly, and we are ourselves. No need to make a full explanatory project to explain our actions through a color-written and childish experiment on some poster board. We came up with a direct approach through this letter to let you infer how ever you would want to infer of us five. Whether or not you think of us as rotten poorly-mannered teens of the seventh grade or just rotten and poorly-mannered individuals, we let you decide. However, we do want you to consider us a one entire general team of Sacramento: D.O.R.K....” This brought upon a smile on her face- a smile she never gestured- which was smiled out of pleasure and laughter. She was finally happy.